20

MODERN FABLES

The Regular Kind of a Place and the Usual Way it Turned Out.

Russell.)
Once there was a home-like Beanery where one could tell the Day of the Week by what was on the Table.
The Stroke Oar of this Food Bazaar had been in the Business for twenty years, and she had carned her Harp three times over. The Prune Joke never phased her and she had herself trained so as not to hear any sarcastic Cracks about the Oleo. She prided herself on the Atmosphere of Culture that permeated the Establishment and on the Fact that she did not harbor any Improper Characters. A good many improper Characters came around and sized up the Lay-Out and then blew.

It was a sure-enough Boarding-House, such as many of our Best People know all about, even if they won't tell. All they had to do to get the Centre Table ready for Ping-Pong was to take off the Caster.

Caster.

The Landlady was doing what she could to discourage the Beef Trust, but she carried a heavy line of Oatmeal. She had Oatmeal to burn, and sometimes she did it. And she often remarked that Spinach had Iron in it and was great for the Blood. One of her pet Theories was that Rice contained more Nutriment than could be found in Spring Chicken, but the Boarders allowed that she never way a Spring Chicken.

saw a Spring Chicken.

In the Cast of Characters were many of the Old Favorites. There was the Lippy Boy with the Williams and Walker



Shirts, who knew the Names of all the Ball-Players and could tell when there was a good Variety Show in Town. Then there was the other kind with a straw-colored Mustache and a promiment Adam's Apple, who was very careful about his Pronunciation. He belonged to a Social Purity Club that had a

retter and said that ALD of the phoney

Melbas in the country ought to pull for
the Old Country and wait until they
were sent for.

In this same boarding-house there was

(Copyright, 1902. by Robert Howard Russell.)

Once there was a home-like Beanery where one could tell the Day of the Week by what was on the Table.

Week by what was on the Table.

The Stroke Oar of this Food Bazaar The Stroke Oar of the Bazaar The Business for twenty had been in the World she had gone out to make her Way, since the Age Limit and sing the Bass Part of "Pull for the Shore."

He wildow whose husband had neglected to die. Being left all alone in the World she had gone out to make her Way, since Shore."

The Stroke Oar of this Food Bazaar the Stroke Oar of this Food Bazaar

(Copyrighted 1902 by Robert Howard Russell.)



was the _and-Mark. Having lived in Bost ding-Houses and Hotels all his Life, he had developed a Grouch that en-veloped him like a Morning Fog. He had veloped him like a Morning Fog. He had a Way of turning Things over with his Fork, as if to say, "Well, I don't know about this." And he never believed anything he saw in the Papers. He said the Papers printed those finings just to fill up. The Circassian Princess that brought in the Vittles paid more attention to him than to any one else, because if he didn't get Egg on his Lettuce he was liable to cry all over the table ploth.

cry all over the table cloth.

Then there was the chubby Man, who came in every Evening and told what had happened at the Store that Day, and was a human Ant-Eater who made

Puns.

One of the necessary Features of a refined Joint is the Slendar Thing who is taking Music and has Mommer along to fight off the Managers and hush the Voice of Scandal. This Boarding-House had one of these Mother-and-Child Combinations that was a Dream. Daughter was full of kubelik and Josef Hoffman. Away back in the Pines somewhere there was a Father who was putting up for the Outfit. Mother's Job seemed to be to sit around and Root. She was a consistent little Booster. If what Mother said was true, then Effic's Voice was a good deal better than it sounded. She said the Teachers were just crazy about said the leachers were just chary about it and all of them agreed that Effle ought to go to Paris or Milan. The slangy Boy with the rag-time Shirt went them one better and said that ALL of the phoney Melbas in the country ought to pull for the Old Country and wait until they were sent for.

loved to read and who stuck to the Patterns that appeared in Godley's Magazine soon after the War.

Then there was the Married Couple, without any Children or Furniture of their own, and the only reason they didn't take a House was that Henry had to be out of twon so often. Henry's Salary had been whooped \$500 a year and she was just beginning to say Gown instead of Dress. She had the Society Column for Breakfast and things looked Dark for Henry.

For many months this conventional Group of ordinary 5% Mortals had lived in a Rut. At each mealtime they rounded up and mechanically devoured what was doled out to them and folded their Napkins and broke ranks. Each day was the Duplicate of another and Life had petered down to a Routine.

One Evenins, just as they had come in for their Vermicelli, a new Boarder gilded into their midst. She was a tall Gypsy Queen with about \$1,200 worth of Clothes that fit her everywhere and all the time and she had this watch-me kind of a Walk, the same being a Cue for all the other Girls to get out their Hardware. When she moved up to the Table and began to distribute a few sample Smiles, so as to indicate the Character of her Work, the musical Team went out with the Tide, the Grass Wildow curled up like an Autumn Leaf, the touch-me-not Married Lady dropped into the Scrub Division. The Lady who rend was shy a Spoon and afraid to ask for it. The Men were all google-eyed and the Help was running into Chairs and dropping



important parts of the Menu.

Presently the La-dlady came in and explained. She said that Mrs. Williams was in the city to shop for a couple of Days and her Husband would be up on the Night Train. Whereupon five men fell under the Table.

MORAL: Nothing ever happens at a Boarding House.

A HALE AND HEARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Visit Friends in Staunton at Age of 81.

FINAL EXERCISES OF SCHOOLS

Confederate Memorial Day to Be Celebrated Monday-A Popular Doctor Goes to W. Va .- A Crack Shot Kills Thirty-two Squirrels.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) STAUNTON, VA., June 7.—The Staunton white public school had an exhibition of the drawing and manual training departments in school Thursday evening from 3 to 6 o'clock.

The final exercises of white schools was held in the assembly room of the school Friday morning, commencing at 10 o'clock. An address was delivered by Rev. A. M. Fraser, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church.

The closing exercises of the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind will be held on Wednesuay, June 11th. The United States Civil Service Com-

mission will be held in Staunton for positions in classified services as follows Assistant examiner in the Patent Office June 10th and 11th; photographic assist ant, June 17th; for record and identifica-tion clerk United States penitentlary service. June 17th.

vice, June 17th.

Robert Craig and wife, of Moffett's Creek, who are each eighty-one years old, and in good health, are visiting Mr. T. C. Craig, near the city. One day this week they visited for the first time the new county court-house, and under the guidance of the county clerk inspected the building throughout and expressed them. building throughout and expressed them-selves as being highly pleased with it. FREED-MILLER.

St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church st. James Evangelical Lutheran Chulch was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Elolieng A. Miller, of Long Meadows, Augusta county, became me bride of Dr. J. W. Freed, of the county. The church had been beautifully decorated in white and green for the occasion, with many and green for the occasion, with many candles auding to the brilliancy of the scene. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. L. Keller, pastor, assisted by Rev C. A. Freed, of Middlebrook, brother or the groom. The wedding march was played by Miss Leona Coiner.

The ushers were Messrs. Victor and

Joseph Coiner, and led the bridal party in the following order: Groomsmen, Messrs. Wade. Coiner, and G. O. Hildebrand; next bridesmaids, Misses Loula Coiner and Nettie Coiner. The bridesmaids were beautifully attired in white organdles, with pink sashes, and carried pink car-nations.

The bride was handsomely attired in a orne pride was nandsomely actired in a gown of white Paris muslin, trimmed in silk applique, and carried bride's roses.

The bride is a charming young lady.

For several years she attended the Mary Baldwin Seminary here, attaining a high grade in vocal and instrumental music. The groom is a rising young physician of the Hermitage neighborho

of the Hermitage neighborhood.
FELL FROM A TREE.
Eugene Dabney, the nine-year-old son of A. E. Dabney, of this city, while climbing up a tree for birds' nests Thursday evening, fell and broke his leg just above the knee. Dr. Glasgow Armstrong was summoned and set the bone. The little fellow has been suffering considerably since his hurt.
Miss Irene Haislip, who went to Dallas, Tex. in April to attend the Confederate

Tex.. in April to attend the Confederate Veterans reunion as maid of honor for Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Staunton. returned home this week, after visiting a number of her Texas cousins and friends in a number of places.

On Monday, Confederate Memorial Day.

of \$300 Wednesday against the Cledonian for insurance Fire Insurance Company, for of his barn. He sued for \$500.

In and Around The Lobbies.

Judge J. W. Orr, member of the convention from Lee county, was saying good-bye to his friends at Murphy's last night, having left on a late train for his

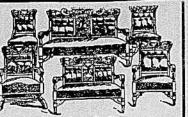
"I am a candidate for a position on the Corporation Commission, said Judge Orr, and have filed my application with the Governor. I shall go back and rally "and have flied my applied of the fortunate. I shall go back and rally my friends in the Southwest, and hope to be one of the fortunate. I am glad the work of the convention is over, but I am sorry to part with the friends I have made here."

"I will return here, and be in at the finish on June 25th, if nothing happens to prevent," said Delegate George P. Tarry, of Mecklenburg, as he sat on the porti-co of New Ford's with Delegate Cris-mond before leaving for his home last

Both Messrs. Tarry and Crismond exporn Messrs. Tarry and Crismond expressed their deep regret at having to part with their friends in the convention. Hon. B. T. Gordon, of Nelson, accompanied Mr. Crismond to Fredericksburg last night and will go over the battlefields near there to-day.

The Best Furniture Rightly Priced.

Our Furniture is all rightly priced. With our guarantee on every article we extend you the privileges of our Convenient Charge System-pay weekly, biweekly, or monthly, as you wish.



Parlor Suits.

Bed-Room Suits.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Couches.

\$3.95 Couch worth \$6. \$6.95 Couch worth \$10.00. \$10.75 Couch, extra large, worth \$15.

\$11 Roll, 40 yards..... \$14 Roll, 40 yards..... 9.50 \$17 Roll, 40 yards..... 11.00

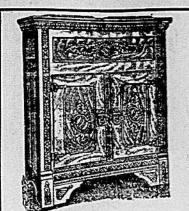
Sideboards. \$30 ones......\$18.98 \$50 ones.....\$35.00

55c. Oilcloth...... 37½c.

45c. Oilcloth...... 30c. 25c. Oilcloth...... 19c. Rockers.

\$4.00 Solid Oak Leather- \$1.90 Seat Arm Rockers for...... \$3.50 Solid Oak Cane-Seat \$1.60

Large Maple Porch Rockers, in red, green, and natural wood finish, 98c worth \$2,00, for



Refrigerators.

\$10 ones for \$8.99.

\$25 ones for \$15.69.

ice Boxes.

7 and 9 West

HOPKINS FURNITURE COMPANY, **Broad Street.**

THE CHEAPEST CASH OR CREDIT STORE IN THE CITY.

Bristol, and S. A. Dunlop, Farmville.

Mr. R. R. Cullmane, of Gulf Port, Miss., Is registered at New Ford's.

Virginians at the Lexington are: Mr. Aubrey Burnett and wife, Staunton, and L. W. Irvin, Radford.

BARTON HEIGHTS CHURCHES.

Pastors Will Fill Their Own Pulpits Personal and Social Notes. Miss Bettle Chisholm, of Manchester, Va., is visiting the home of Mrs. Horace

Chisholm. Miss Willie Skinner, teacher at War-

Saw, Va., who has been visiting Miss Hattle B. Brogdon, has returned to her home in Oxford, N. C. The Junior Auxiliary of the Epiphany Church will meet next Wednesday morn-ing at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs.

ing at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs.
Dunn, of Chestnut Hill.
Mr. J. R. Bowles has left for Louisa,
Va., on business.
Mrs. George L. Boynton, of Camden,
N. J., is visiting the home of Mrs. John
H. Jones, of Chestnut Hill.
Mr. Ralph H. Horton, of Danville, Va.,
is visiting Mr. Frank P. Glass, of Ladies'

Mile Road.

Mrs. William P. Adams, of Brooklyn N. C., is visiting the home of Mrs. Helen

B. Robbins, of Brook Hill, Va.
Services will be held at the Methodist Church to-day, both morning and evening. The morning service will be conducted by Rev. S. O. Wright, of Brook-land Park, and the evening service by the pastor, Rev. C. E. Blankenship. Services will be held at the Baptist

Services will be held at the Baptist Church to-day, both morning and evening, at 11 and 8, conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. T. Hundley.

Services will be held at the Epiphany Episcopal Church to-day, conducted by Rev. Mr. Martin Johnson.

Mrs. Parker H. Conrad, who has been

Mrs. Parker H. Conrad, who has been visiting the nome of Mrs. Charles E. Simpson, of Highland Park, has returned to her home, in Gordonsville, Va. Mr. John H. Walker has returned to his home, in Amelia Courthouse, Va., af-ter a visit to Mr. James H. Wharton,

of Chestnut Hill.

Services will be held at the Overbrook

Mr. Charlie E. Langley has returned to his home from a pleasant visit to his

son, Mr. George C. Langley, of Baltimore, Md.

Mr. B. S. Ragland has returned to his home from Charleston, South Carolina, where he has been engaged in business for the past two weeks.

A "WILD WEST" INCIDENT.

Nobody Any Good.

of the observer. Next to the man, on the other side, was a Hibernian gentleman. As the show progressed, the broncho tusters came on. Ed. Solders mounted the ugliest pony in the bunch, and immediately there was something doing all over the foreground. Ed stuck manfully to his sadde until the heast in a feely of anger, rolled with him. When frenzy of anger, rolled with him. When the broncho had ceased pawing the ground about the prostrate man and had hiked off into the gloom, they picked Solders up insensible and carried him

away.

It was a blood-curdling scene. It scared the best girl so that she grabbed the young man by the hand and buried her head on his shoulder, while he supported her with his arm. When it was all over, she recovered her composure and blushingly resumed her dignity. There was a tense silence. At last it was broken by the Hibernian gentleman, who, nudging the young man, remarked in a stake whisper:

"Say lad pray hiven that another wan." Say, lad, pray hiven that another wan

Fayetteville Asking for a New Daily Train.

sides the mill in operation for the past three years, and the one under construc-tion alongside, The Times correspondent learns this morning that excavations and foundations are marked out for a third plant, which, it is thought, will be a dyeing and finishing mill, with all the advantages of bringing skilled labor to the community.

the community.

A petition is circulating in the city, addressed to Mr. J. R. Kenly, of the At-lantic Coast Line Railroad Company, ask-ing for a daily train from Fayetteville

Governor Lanham to Speak. Governor-elect Lanham, of Texas, will address the Sons of Veterans at Lee Camp Hall to-morrow night. He will

Camp Hall to-morrow night. He will come down from Washington with Cap-tain Lamb. Mr. Lanham is at present a Representative in Congress. He is an Among the Virginias last night at eloquent speaker and all who can do so Murphy's were; Messrs. James B. Lyons, should hear him.

ON AGAIN.

The Sunday Trips to Beach Park, Wes-Point, Va.-50c. Round Trip.

COMMENCING Sunday, June 8th, and every Sunday, there will be two trains for West Point.

The first train will leave Richmond, Southern Railway (Fourteenth-Street Station), at 10:90 A. M., returning leave West Point at 8:00 P. M.

The second will leave Richmond at 4:00

P. M., returning leave West Point at 10:30 P. M. Culy 50c. for the round trip. Tickets good going and returning on either train Only sixty minutes in each direction, and 39 miles to salt water.

SOUTHERN STUDENTS CONFER-ENCE OF Y. M. C. A., JUNE 14-23 1902.

Annual Conference of Y. W. C. A., June 13-23 1902, Asheville, N. C.

ng Asheville (Land of the Sky), etc.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines to Asheville and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be on sale June 13 and 14, with return limit June 25, 1902. This offers a rare opportunity for visit-

SUMMER ELSEWHERE VIA SEA BOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY. The Seaboard has just issued an attrac-

The Seaboard has just issued an attractive summer tourist folder under the title, "Summer Elsewhere via Seaboard Air Line Railway," which will be mailed to any address on application. or will be delivered to any one wishing a copy, on application at the company's office, No. 1006 East Main Street, Ricamond or to the offices of the Lichmond Transfer Company. fer Company. Z. P. SMITH.

District Passenger Agent, No. 1006 East Main Street, Richmond.

SEE THAT YOU GET

the genuine Dr. David's Cough Syrup and accept no "just as good" (so-called) remedy that an unscrupulous dealer may wish to force on you. Pr. Pravid's Cough Syrup is put up by Owens & Minor Drug Company, whose name appears on the Dr. David's Best Liver Pills.

The Summer Stock in our Tailoring De-

\$9.00 to \$10.00 Trousers...... 6.75
All made to order in the best manner. Fit guaranteed.

IHB STIEFF

METHODS

At the annual convention of the Piano Dealers' Association in Baltimore the retiring president extolled the one-price system and urged upon dealers the system of placing plain figures upon pianos displayed for sale. The incoming president of the Piano Manufacturers' Association, in his inaugural address, said: "Many of us recall---and it is really only a short time since---when there seemed only two objects to be attained by the piano maker. One, reputation and influence; the other, quality. Cost was a minor consideration. The field was then occupied by only a few competitors, and the influence of certain of them in the musical profession, the newspapers, at world's fairs, and, in fact, everywhere, brought the methods of the piano business into very bad odor, oftentimes contempt. Jealousies almost bloodthirsty were engendered, and, as a result, illegitimate competition was carried to such an extreme that we wonder now how men so fair and sensible as most of the piano makers of that day were in other respects, could have held so mistaken a view of business enterprise."

So our contention is proved that

The Stieff Piano Store is Improving the Ethics of a Very Debased Business

--- that the slime of the business, the extortion, the misrepresentation, are of the

A dignified one-price business is the hope of the public; and the greatest assurance that the one-price is the least

possible price. INVESTIGATE!

CHAS. M. STIEFF

431 E. BROAD

THE BEST THING ON THE MIDWAY. A PAN-AMERICAN EPISODE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Rexford first caught sight of him leaning lazlly against a wooden pillar at the entrance to the Streets of Mexico, and paused, fascinated, as the glance of those smiling, inscrutable, Eyptian eyes fell carelessly upon him. There was a certain expression of power, half-defiant, wholly confident, on the handsome, forcign face which decided Rexford almost irresistibility. He detached himself from tresistibility. He detached himself from the light-hearted throng surging along the Midway, and allowed himself to drift

in at the entrance to the Mexican Village.
"Cassia nuts! Three for ten cents.
Here's your cassia nuts waiting for you, bird-like face held out her hands to him heaped with pungent, brown nuts. There was something so frankly insolent, so honestly dishonest in the girl's face.

that Rexford dropped some silver in her "Keep your wares for those who like said he, and was about to pass

them," said he, and was about to pass on when the girl said saucily.
"No tips allowed, Sir, it's against the rules," with a crafty wink, "but I'll give you a quarter's worth of information. See that Egyptian over there by the gate? He's the best thing on the Midway. He can tell your name, and all your past and future. I'll give you back your money if he doesn't. Some persons say he's the devil himself."

A Mexican toreador came glittering along the street, and paused to hold a

the merry cassia vendor. Rexford turn-ing away in amusement suddenly found himself face to face with the handsome Egyptian. For an instant the wonderful Egyptian. For an instant the wonderful Oriental eves met his own, and then a soft, caressing voice said:

"You do not believe in me and my art, but I am genuine, Monsieur. I tell only the truth. Come with me, and you shall

along the street, and paused to hold a brief firtation in broken English with

He led the way into a small booth curtained off from the street, and brillantly lit by a single flaring bulb of electricity. "If Monsieur cares to write his name and any question he may wish to ask, I shall read them for him. See, I do not look," and he placed his hands ostenta-

tiously before his eyes.

Rexford, more amused and interested than he would have believed possible, wrote his name and a question obediently. At the Egyptian's command he folded the hat the Egyptian's command he folded the bit of paper into a tiny packet and pressed it against the foreigners dusky forchead with his finger.

Monsieur must write as he has written in his mind." said the Egyptian. "He

tiously before his eyes.

ten in his mind." said the Egyptian. "He must think of what he has just written, and his thought will travel down his finger and write itself upon my brain, as he will see for himself.

The curios, topaz-colored eyes of the foreigner flashed their wonderful, mysterious intelligence and beauty straight down that the clear skentical ones before

into the clear, skeptical ones before him.
"And still Monsleur disbelieves, distrusts me," said the Egyptian. "Wait I shall show you. Spell your name in your mind, and then ask me silently the

your mind, and the question you have written, and you shall see I am no impostor."

There was a long silence during which the cool, slender, nervous hand of the Egyptian held the firm, white one of the American, the finger of whose other hand pressed lightly the tiny fold of paper against the Egyptian's forchead.

"Your name is Thomas Graham Rex-"Your name is Thomas Graham Rexford," said the Egyptian, slowly, "and
the question you have asked me is
"When shall I see her?" Is it not so,
shame.

When shall I see her?" Is it not so, Monsieur?" Is it not so, Monsieur?"

Rexford assented in surprise, and the bit of paper fell unheeded to the ground "You have asked me a difficult question, Monsieur," went on the Egyptian, calmly. "There are curious conditions which may prevent my success, but I shall do my best. Put your hands upon my sorshead, so, and think of nothing.

Shame.

Behind him, as if alive, he saw a tall, young woman with smilling, morning face, looking down upon him from a life, looking down upon lim from a life, looking down upon him from a life, looking down upon lim from a life, loo

By S. B. ROGERS.

of the curious magnetism of his topaz cyes, which sent a faint electric thrill across the American's composure. Sud-denly the Egyptian freed himself from Rexford's hands and sprang to his feet

with a gesture of fatigue.
"You shall see her to-day," he said, simply. Rexford sank back in his chair with a sigh of mingled relief and anger. A faint smile of cynical disbelief showed be-

neath his moustache "Mon dieu, and still Monsieur does not believe!" said the Egyptian, with his confident, inscrutable smile.

The American regarded him keenly from his clear, blue eyes.

from his clear, blue eyes.

"You're very clever at it," he said,
"undeniably clever. I've seen a great
many tricks in my day, but yours is the best of them all since it seems so like "But it is the truth. I have told you all the truth. I am no charlatan, Mor-

There came a dangerous sparkle in the yellow, Oriental eyes.
"You have lied to me just now," went on the American, with some heat. "You have told me that I shall see the person about whom I asked the question, that I shall see her to-day. * * * * and you have told me a lie, * * * * for she is

For two years he had not dared trust himself to speak her name, but anger systained him. His voice was clear and sustained him. His voice was clear and coldly scornful as he arraigned the imposter before him. But the dark scowling face of the Egyptian lit up with a smile so charmingly sunny and ingenuous that Rexford's anger vanished completely before it. The scamp actually seemed delighted at the discovery of his trick-

"Ah, then that was the difficulty, Monsieur. There was some unusual mystery— I ought to have suspected what it was— which prevented the conditions. But now which prevented the conditions. But now that you tell me that she is dead, all is explained."

A sudden revulsion of feeling shook A sudden revulsion of feeling shook the American. For two years no one had ventured to mention her name in his presence, and now a vagabond Egyptian charlatan had smiled when he had learn-ed that she was dead. He turned abrupt-ly on his heel, and went out into the brilliant light and laughter of the Mid-way.

"But I have told you the truth. In some way-I cannot tell how-Monsleur

some way—I cannot consider the shall see her to-day.

The echo of the soft, confident voice followed him out into the riotous confusion of the Street of Folly. But Rexford was no longer in holiday humor, and medicy of bizarre ford was no longer in holiday humor. The gay clamor and medley of bizarre figures jarred inexpressibly upon his mood. He hurried away from the joyous throng, and after drifting aimlessly about the Exposition grounds, wandered into the Art Building and sat down exhausted upon a bench.

hausted upon a bench. Directly before him hung Abbey's "Penance of Queen Eleanor," and it roused his vivid admiration and sympathy as he gazed at it. The poor. center of the picture, barefoot, in her white raiment, holding up her candle that in the midst of the grinning, jeer-ing faces of the crowd about her, the

He liked the best pictures rather by instinct than by knowledge. Only the great masters knew how to paint a story, and the story always appealed to him in art. Otherwise, he was quite ignorant of technique.

art. Otherwise, he was quite ignorant of technique.

He began wandering slowly along the Gallery, soothing his vexed soul with the harmonious lines of pictures, and gradually forgetting his late burst of uncontrollable anger.

Suddenly, without warning, his eyes fell upon a life-size portrait of Her, his beautiful, young fiancee, who had been dead for two interminable years. Out of all the other meaningless pictures upon the wall, the dear, well-remembered face looked down upon him, smiling slightly as she used to do in life.

It was a wonderful portrait because she had been so difficult a subject. She was unpaintable in a sense, being so full of life and laughter and mobile expression. The artist had caught her at her happiest, most characteristic moment, alert,

ilife and laughter and mobile expression. The artist had caught her at her happlest, most characteristic moment, alert, brilliant with the subtle dawning of her charming smile lingering on her ilps.

The suddeness of his discovery almost stunned Reford into unconciousness. For an instant through his scorching, blinding tears, the room swung about him, and then the mad joy of seeing her again even in the mocking guise of a portrait, sent the blood rushing along his veins. By a strange mischance he possessed no memorial of her. She had disliked being photographed and painted because the results were so totally inadequate to express her dear, etusive personal down and experiment of the results were so totally inadequate to express her dear, etusive personal experiments and the well-dealing him at the room was sufficiently cleared to enable him to get closer to the portrait, Restords aw the signature "Beth Dalton" in the corner. It came back to him vividly. That was the name of the Struggling, young art-student she had saved from starvation in the Latin Quater and crowds and the memory of creatin mysterious hints she had given him of a surprise she and Beth Dalton were planning for him. The surprise had been different and far greater than they had meant. How those who had known her had loved her! It was not her beauty nor her kindness that had drawn the world so closely to her. There were many others as young and lovely and good, many others as clever and rich, but there was only one Justine. How faithfully the artist had reproduced each characteristic detail from that delicious, dawning smile, even to the brilliant sparklie of his ring upon her finger.

The custodian warned him that the bactor Revioled here. How for the potential properties had been a warned him that the brilliant sparklie of his ring upon her finger. I like it better than casual comment. "Looks like she could speak, don't she? I like it better than casual comment. "Looks like she could speak, don't she? I like it better than casual comment. "Look

A sure cure for love, gentlemen, I give you my word."

piest, most characteristic moment, alert,

before Rexford became aware that he had spent the day standing before her portrait.

"Interestin' picture!" said the guard in casual comment. "Looks like she could sneak, don't she? I like it better than them Impressionist things in the next room. Can't tell what them fellers are drivin' at with their queer greens and yellows an blues, but can tell what this one means. She's just agoin' to speak, and say something funny. You can see the smile a-comin'. That's what I call art. This picture's got a history, too. The artist who painted it sent it over from Paris in hopes of findin' someone whose present address ain't known. He owns the picture, and the Chairman of the Fine Arts has his name and everything ready to turn over this picture to him if he ever turns up here. The picture's attracted lots of attention, but the right owner ain't turned up yet."

Rexford left the building with a lighter heart than he had known since her death. With the remembrance of her portrait so vividly in his memory it almost seemed as if she herself had come back to him. He walked along careless of direction until he found himself again in the Midway close by the Streets of Mexico. The Egyptian with his mysterious, topaz-colored eyes still lounged at the entrance. As Rexford passed him their eyes met, and the man smiled subtly. "Was I not right. Monsieur?" he murmured. "Never yet have I made a mistake. I tell you the truth. In the midst of the caressing cadence of his languorous voice struck in the brisk tones of the Erelich girl.

'Cassia-buds, who'll buy my cassia-buds? A sure cure for love, gentlemen. I give you my word."

Presbyterian Church to-night at 8:15 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Mr. Ir-

It's an III Wind, Indeed, That Blows

It was at the Wild West Show. A young man and his best girl sat in front

av thim guys gits foired."
"Have a cigar," whispered the young man, with an understanding look in his

NEW SILK INDUSTRY.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.)
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., June 7.—A
further increase in silk manufacturing
industry at this point is to be noted. Besides the mill in operation for the past

to Rocky Mount, to connect with the "Snoofly" train between Richmond and Norfolk.